

Santana F/ Everlast

"Zoom Zooms And Wam Wam"

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It's the Locc, I let the funk boom like thunder
Grew up funk like Davis, now I got braids like Stevie
Wonder
Get my sag on, my momma get her dag on
Freeze my khaki's up and I'm gone
You can stare all day but just don't step
on my Blue Suede shoes, to get here I pay dues
BRRAOW BRAOW that's how my toolie sound
when I'm drinkin Hen with my rhymes straight blowin in
the wind
And busters can't fade the Jayo Felony
T-Funk from the family, smoke or dip with me
Bullet Locc's dedicated, faded, I straight made it
And drinkin Blue Note, on the yard they celebrated
I'm a Y-C, I guess that's why the one-time is followin me
But I'm a MC, I laugh because there swallowin me
But I just shake my head and say "Damn!" (Ha ha)
Cos I'm just goin to the sto', to get some zoom zoom
zoom and wam wams

Chorus:

You go do your thang yo, and I'ma do my thang
You go do your thang yo, and I'ma do my thang
You go do your thang yo, and I'ma do my thang
You go do your thang yo, and everythang gon' be
everythang

I wanna be like Donald Trump, not Willie Lump-Lump
I put that on my set that I make everybody jump
Fool don't move until my ride hit the flo', word!
Boom booms in my rag '6-4
That's how we roll, no time for the ying yang
Dogs in my hood still bumpin fo' thangs
It's me, the B-U-double L-E-T, better known as Felony
T-shirt and khakis that's how we're bailin, C/see
And I'm just tryin to keep my sanity
Make some of them ends, get a biz and help my family
Right, and just to let you know I don't care
I'm still gon' get my sag on, there it is there
You can't see me fool, I'm locced out

Baseheads on the corner, bag and smoked out
Askin for a gang of change and I say "Damn!"
All this drama, to get some zoom zooms and wam
wams

Chorus (x2)

French braids and Stockton cap wit my hat cocked back
Now I'ma lean into the side like Goldie the Mack
Everybody that's incarcerated, hold your head high
Hope that you see another sunny blue sky
Females'll leave you stranded and I'ma let you know
She's made cos the Soul Glo won't make her hair grow
Block on the phone, and ain't nobody home
Her and some greasy fat fool rollin in the Brougham
But you know how that go, so yo, toss em up high
Cos in the South Beach streets it's do or die
Wave em to the Eastside, yeah wave em to the West
comin up with the bomb, no stress
Guess and Master Jay makin funk tracks
So to the ol' school, I'ma bring the punks back
I listen to the flow and I just say "Damn!"
As I'm rollin thru the hood, to get some zoom zooms
and wam wams

Chorus (x2)

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